A POEM SACRED TO THE Glorious Memory OF Her Late Majesty *Queen* ANNE.

By N. TATE, Esq; Poet Laureat to King WILLIAM, Queen MARY, Queen ANNE, and to His present Majesty, till the Day of his Decease.

Printed in the Year MDCCXVI.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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TO THE READER

THE Gentleman who had this Poem (among the other Manuscript-Copies of the late Mr. TATE) in his Custody on Account of a Friendship long contracted between them, thought himself oblig'd in Justice to the Author's Memory, to publish it to the World; not only in regard to the Beauty of the Poem, but also in Respect to the Gratitude therein expressed towards his Royal Mistress, and his most Noble Patron, his Grace the Duke of Buckinghamshire, who had been extream Bountiful to him: As all who are acquainted with his Grace's Works, must acknowledge him the brightest Genius of the Age; so Mr. TATE cannot be tax'd

with the least Flattery in the Lines at the end of the Poem. The Reason why the Author did not Publish the Poem himself, was, viz. he was so affected with the Loss of his Royal Benefactress (Her late Majesty) who had conferr'd uncommon Favours on him, that he declined writing any Poem after he had finished this, therefore his Friends advised, that this set forth to the World might tend to his Prejudice, except he intended to follow it with one on His Majesty's Accession to the Throne.

THE

A POEM

On the DEATH of *Our Late most Gracious Sovereign* Queen ANNE.

Addreſs'd to his GRACE *the Duke of* Buckinghamſhire.

HER ſelf half dead, to find her QUEEN expir'd,
The *Loyal Muſe* to diſtant Shades retir'd;
But not as heretofore, to ſeek Relief,
From Solitude, but to indulge her Grief.

A *Cypreſs-Grove* around the Valley grew,
And that inviron'd with the fatal *Yew*;
The Center awful with a gloomy Cave,
Delightful here, becauſe ſo like the Grave:
For none but thoſe who'd fain lay down the Load
Of wretched Life, will viſit this Abode;
Where Miſery may rave without Reſtraint,
And ne'er diſturb the Happy with their Plaint;
Who with as eager Speed this Deſart ſhun,
As hither thoſe (oppreſs'd with Sorrow) run.

There ſtood the diſmal Bow'r, where Nature pin'd,
And Grief and Night in cold Embraces join'd;
Here *Sorrow*'s *Empreſs*, all in Sable State,
Gives Audience to the Meſſengers of Fate.
Hymen there languiſhes, ſad and forlorn,
His Taper quench'd, his Nuptial Garland torn;
With broken Bows, the mourning *Cupids* lay
'Mongſt hov'ring Sighs of Lovers, ſnatch'd away
By greedy Fate, before the Nuptial Day.

Next Manſion, Moans of Parents, did contain;
For hopeful Heirs in Field Untimely ſlain.
Old *Time*, oblig'd, by ſtricteſt Charge, to make
His Reck'nings up, without the leaſt Miſtake,
Obſerving here, his penſive Minutes paſs
With ſlow Advance, was forc'd to ſhake his Glaſs,
In Mis'ry's Cell, admiring at their Stay,
Who from Mirth's Manſion, wing ſo faſt away.
Uncouth and ſtrange, the Scenes preſented here,
But this the moſt ſurprizing did appear;
The little Griefs, like froward Babes, complain'd,
The Mighty, mute as *Niobe*, remain'd,
A trickling, ſilent Show'r of Tears was all,
But oh! A Show'r that never ceas'd to fall.
Hither the *Muſe* arrives, with frightful Air
Of Grief to Phrenzy grown, diſhevel'd Hair,
And all the Symptoms of a wild Diſpair.
Yet in Diſtraction ſtill her Duty knew,
And to the Goddeſs paid Obeyſance due;
At length, as Zeal wou'd more than Nature can,
With half-recover'd Breath, ſhe thus began:

Empress of Shades, and sacred Solitude,
That on your close Retirement I intrude,
Forgive; for tho' I come no Stranger here,
With deep Concern and Dread, I now appear,
Upon a Visit, that will cost you dear:
Force you with fiercer Fury to deplore,
And suffer Pangs you never felt before:
Thus spake the *Muse*, nor more had Strength to say,
But swoln with Passion, sunk and swoon'd away.
The QUEEN aside her *Ebon* Scepter laid,
To raise the Prostrate from the Ground; and said,
I guess the tort'ring Tidings —— but proceed,
For Sorrow's us'd on dismal Tales to feed,
Ill News is my Repast —— 'Tis woeful Fare.
(The *Muse* replies) and I have had my Share.
As from my Cottage I withdrew, to take
My Ev'ning Walk, beside the Crystal Lake *,
A hasty Nymph and Shepherd cross'd my Way,
Who scarce allow'd a Moment's Stop, to say,

* *The Thames.*

Ah wretched *Muſe!* Ah, Daughter of Diſtreſs!
For why?—that why, your ſelf too ſoon will gueſs.
Your QUEEN,—*That's all,*—and then their ſpeed renew'd.
As if at Heels, by murd'ring Thieves perſu'd,
Or ſuddain rouz'd from their Repoſe, and told,
The Wolf, the Wolf is leap'd into the Fold.
On Wings of Love and Fear to Court I flew,
Of my Dear QUEEN to take a diſtant View,
(Then ſilent to my Rural Cell repair,
As was my wont) But what a Change was there!
I ſaw Diſtraction through the Palace ſpread,
The Graces weeping round the Royal Bed,
And all the dazling Train of Beauty * fled;
Nor ſeem'd it ſtrange to find thoſe Stars retir'd,
When their Celeſtial *Cynthia* was expir'd.
At length a Sacred and Imperial Dame,
Into the dark and ſilent Preſence came;
Euſebia and *Britannia*, one Renown'd
For Sanctity, the next with Grandeur crown'd:

* *Ladies of the Court.*

Each with Her Honour's Enſign waving high,
The Signals of Her Pow'r, or Piety.
The Venerable Matron firſt appears,
Adorn'd with Age, and beautify'd by Years,
A Privilege conferr'd by Heaven on Her,
Who to crown'd Pomp, Heav'ns Service did prefer,
Between Extreams She Steers Her Paſſage; free
From Superſtition, and Indeceney;
No Gaudy Garbs that Pagan Pomp expreſs,
Yet gives Devotion, a becoming Dreſs,
Preſerv'd through Storms, by providential Care,
Religion's woeful Ruins to repair,
And ſtill She ſees Her Ark ſecurely ride,
Tho' daſh'd with furious Waves on either ſide;
Sublim'd by Suff'rings, under Suff'ring ſtill,
Calm, and reſign'd to the Celeſtial Will:
Ev'n now, altho' with pining Sorrow faint
To Ground She falls, She falls without Complaint,
Her Coronet of Stars to Earth caſt down,
And on Her tender Front, a Thorny Crown:
Yet this fair Mourner, while ſo much diſtreſs'd;
Of Heav'n the darling Daughter was confeſs'd,

While on Her Perſon in ſuch low Eſtate,
A Guard of Seraphs not diſdain'd to wait.
Auguſt *Britannia* in that diſmal Hour,
Half-bluſhing ſaw Her gen'rous *Lion* Cow'r;
He now lies grov'ling, whoſe once aweful Roar
Struck Terror to the Worlds remoteſt Shore:
Forlorn on Earth, Her Empire's *Emblems* lay;
Her *Scepter* dropt, as weary of its Sway,
Her *Golden Globe*, roll'd careleſsly away;
Yet ſtill an Air of Grandeur did confeſs,
Aweful in Tears, Majeſtick in Diſtreſs:
Both Sick with Grief, while ſilent both remain'd
And their big Hearts with ſecret Sighs reſtrain'd,
Not Cenſure's ſelf (ſays Sorrow's QUEEN) cou'd blame
Their Conduct, if their Grief to outrage came;
Juſt Reaſon had thoſe Matrons to deplore,
Royal *Britannia* much, Divine *Euſebia* more.
Then thus the Muſe.——

As Streams, whilſt by ſurrounding Banks withheld,
Are huſh'd, and in a ſilent Eddy ſwell'd,

Thoſe Banks once broke that did their Courſe controul,
With more impetuous, rapid Fury rowl,
So theſe fair Mourners overwhelm'd with Grief,
Burſt out into Complaints, poor Suff'rers laſt Relief.
But e're their ſad Condolements I relate,
First let me draw thoſe diff'rent Scenes of Fate,
In *Britain*'s Court, the various Aſpects ſeen,
When She poſſeſt, and when She loſt her QUEEN:
If then your Rural Muſe you will permit
Her Field and Grove and Safer Shore to quit
Unskill'd, and in a ſlender Skiff to make
A deſp'rate Venture on the Briny-Lake,
Then gentle Goddeſs, this Sea-Proſpect take,
You'll ſome Reſemblance find, tho faint and ſhort,
Between *Great Britain*'s Ocean and her Court.
As when a *First-Rate* in her *Naval* Pride,
Of Flags and Pendants on a Swelling-Tide,
With ſuch a gentle Breeze, as *Thetis* craves
To deck her Azure-Front with Curling-Waves,

And laughs to see her *Neptune* toil in vain
To catch the Streamers pictur'd in the Main,
Whilst twinkling Shoals aloof the Pomp pursue,
And leaping *Dolphins* catch a distant View;
The Skies Serene and Clear, the Weather Warm,
Not the least Symptom of a rising Storm,
The Company on Board, all Blith and Gay,
With Tales and Songs beguile the Watry way;
The smiling Aspect of Earth, Sea, and Air,
All for a lasting Calm, and settled Fair.
Such was the Appearance then of *ANNA*'s Court,
A Glorious Scene, but of Endurance short.
For lo! a suddain change of Weather falls,
And dismal Gloom, that for a Tempest calls;
Now, full of Rage, for long Restraint before,
Out-rush the cavern'd Winds, with hideous Roar,
And rumble Mountain-Billows to the Shore.
One Gust blows off, and fiercer Gusts begin,
Both Elements alarm'd with dreadful Din;
Thund'ring aloft of Clouds engaging Clouds,
Here groaning Masts, torn Sails and rattling Shrowds;

Flashes

Flashes of Lightning give, and snatch the Day,
And rouz'd Sea-Monsters, in the Tempest play,
With glaring Eyes, and Nostrils that respire
Sulphureous Flames, and set the Flood on Fire;
All Prodigies that Terrour can create,
All Omens of inevitable Fate:
The Vessel labours, yet the Sailors strive,
To stem the Surge, while *Strength* and *Hope* survive,
'Till spent, and forc'd to let her Hull, and drive.
Then feeling She has struck, with dismal Shock,
Of all her stately Frame, on some blind Rock;
That makes both Keel, and Ribs, and Rudder crack,
Till Found'ring quite, and Bulging to a Wreck;
The whole Ship's Crew, a while with dire Amaze,
And speechless Horror on each other gaze,
But when to Leaks below, her Loftier Brinks
Submit, t' o'er-whelming Waters, and she sinks,
Then Shrieks, and Yells, and complicated Cries,
That stun the Blust'ring Storm, and scare the Thundring Skies.

Of

Of *ANNA's* Court, ſuch was th' Appearance then;
— When Goddeſs,— Ah! too much I've ſaid:
That Sigh of yours ſhews me, I need not tell you when.

Ah me, I've launch'd too far, and from the Strand,
A waving Signal Summons me to Land,
And to the doleful Palace, where bereſt
Of Language, we thoſe Mournful Ladies left,
Whoſe Sorrows now (impatient of Reſtraint)
Burſt out into a Torrent of Complaint;
And firſt *Euſebia*, as the moſt diſtreſt,
Diſcharg'd the Conflict of her lab'ring Breaſt,
In Sounds which wou'd, (by Savage *Tygers* felt)
Make Stubborn Oaks relent, and Marble Mountains melt.

Oh diſmal Change, too ſudden, and too vaſt,
Ye Waves of Woe, you preſs on me too faſt,
Since yet my Grief is green for ſuch a loſs,
As my whole Stock of Tears might well engroſs,
Whilſt Thunder-ſtruck, and grov'ling on the Ground,
You give a ſecond and ſeverer Wound!

My

My *Sphere* invaded by another Night,
That had ſo lately loſt her leading Light;
My *Sun* extinguiſh'd, who with Rays Divine,
Blaz'd out, and taught my younger *Stars* to ſhine,
My pow'rful *Pan* *, my ruling *Paſtor* Dead!
Whoſe pious Care my Flocks and Shepherds fed;
Endu'd with Skill to work my Fold's Increaſe,
And Charm contending *Paſtors* into *Peace*;
Whoſe Life and Aſpect did juſt Patterns give,
What Figures Angels make, and how they Live,
Divinely humble in Preferment's Height,
Nor then diſdain'd on needy Worth to wait,
For Oh; his Charity no Limits knew,
But like Heav'ns *Manna* in the gathering grew.
His Viſits like an Angels, brought Relief,
To the ſevereſt Agonies of Grief;
Th' Appearance of his Perſon caſt an Air
Of Comfort, o'er the Confines of Deſpair;
Cou'd threatning Terror of his Rage beguile,
Raiſe fainting Hope, and make Affliction ſmile.

* Prince *George*.

Great

Great *ANNA*'s Self with Storms of State oppreſt,
To his calm Converſation flew for Reſt;
'Twas there her *Dove-like* Soul, Repoſe cou'd find,
When all without that *Ark* was wrangling Waves and Wind.

Where's now this Comforter? No longer ſeen?
On Earth no longer.—No? Then where's my QUEEN?
To native Skies return'd.—Too large a Share
Thoſe Skies exact.—'tis more than Earth can ſpare:
Thus when encroaching Seas new Conqueſts make,
So much of Land, as they transform to Lake,
So much they looſe on Shore, that they forſake.

Both Mortals and Immortals, Earth and Skies,
Are Suff'rers all, when Sov'reign Virtue dies:
Who to my Temple now ſhall lead the Way,
And there inſtruct Devotion how to pray?
Well have our Gen'rals led, and Souldiers fought,
But *ANNA*'s Oriſons the Conqueſt brought;
Her fervent Vows our Troops with Courage fteel'd,
She pray'd, and in her Cloſet, won the Field;

From thence the waiting Seraphs wing'd away,
To fix the wav'ring Fight and gain the Day.
Where now ſhall Meekneſs for Protection fly?
To whom ſhall ſhiv'ring Charity apply?
To whom ſhall now her Infant-Orphans cry?
See where around her *Tomb*, they take their Stands,
And wail, and ſob, and wring their little Hands.
O Heav'n-born Piety, what tender Breaſt,
Like Hers, ſhall make Thee now its early Gueſt?
Religion, that Her Life did ſo adorn,
Of Her took ſpecial Charge, as ſoon as born;
The Virtues then a Royal *Vigil* kept,
And Graces rock'd the Cradle where ſhe ſlept,
With Her to Court they came, with Her retir'd,
With Her were crown'd, with Her almoſt expir'd.
Expir'd!— Not ſo, nor ſhall whilſt here remain
Of her fair Favourites ſo Bright a Train,
Whom *ANNA* worthy of her Friendſhip deem'd,
As they the *Saint*, as much as QUEEN eſteem'd;
The ſtrongeſt Springs that can Affection move,
Reſembling Virtues drew their mutual Love.

This baffled Death in what his Spite design'd,
Who, tho he seiz'd her Person, left behind,
Such Copies of her most Angelick Mind:
Which makes my Loss (tho' vast) this Comfort give,
While They survive, my *Royal Saint* shall live.

Thus urg'd the sacred Matron her Complaint,
With temper'd Passion, as became a Saint:
Britannia Hers, with more tempestuous Flame,
And such as best, her Sov'reign self became,
That (with the *Mourner*) show'd th' Imperial Dame.

What! I, that once did Foreign Nations awe,
Gave both encroaching States, and Tyrants Law,
Reduc'd to see so vast a Gulph between
My present Self, and what I once have been!
Have been! Why that's th' Extremity of Woe,
To have been happy if no longer so.

Ev'n *Eve*, in *Eden*, I did represent,
When Earth and Skies contriv'd for her Content;
Her Bow'r besprinkled with Celestial Dew,
No scorching Blight, nor ruff'ling Tempest knew,
Only *Etesian* Gales and balmy *Zephyrs* blew:

Her savage Subjects then a harmless Throng,
Kneel'd to salute Her, as she past along,
And feather'd Choirs caress'd Her with a Song.
The *Vine*, the *Pine*, *Pomgranate*, and the *Peach*,
With burden'd Branches bending to her Reach.
Before her Steps, a Show'r of *Jaff mine* shed,
And Souls of *Roses* hov'ring o'er her Head.
She crop't her Garden, else the fertile Soil,
With crowding Flow'rs, had crush'd the fragrant Spoil,
She labour'd, but delightful was the Toil.
Serenely then return'd to her Repose,
She slept serenely, and serenely rose;
No Dreams, or Dreams that did her Bliss improve,
And wrapt her to the Paradise above,
Which far those Aromatick Bow'rs excell'd;
But now, like *Eve*, from Paradise expell'd,
My *Eden* find into a barren Soil
Transform'd; a sad return for all my Toil:
While Storms of Strife, my waking Hours molest,
And discontented Dreams, my Midnight Rest:
For a brave Race of *Britons*, once renown'd
For Arms Abroad, at Home with Plenty crown'd,

A meeker

A meager Crowd of *Britiſh* Ghoſts I ſee;
A pillag'd Realm, and pawn'd Poſterity:
The ſilver Current, that ſhou'd freely flow,
Bankt up, and ſtarv'd the Channel all below.
Anſwer me, conſcious Stars, and let me know
To what, and whom, my Grievances I owe;
Yes, I do know—and ſhall———
———what next ſhe ſaid,
Of dire Corruptions thro' the Nation ſpread,
Strange Frauds ſprung up, and Publick Spirit fled,
Of purchas'd Senates, and a People ſold,
Self-ſold, Law, Freedom, barter'd all for Gold:
How two grand Vices, tho' of diff'rent Kind,
And Oppoſites, to Ruin her combin'd,
While thoſe wide Waſtes, lewd Luxury had made,
Were by rapacious Avarice repaid;
(Not ſo, my Gen'rous QUEEN,———.
Who like the *Pelican*, in Times of Need,
For craving Broods, made her own Boſom bleed.)
How jangling Parties made her Realm ſuſtain
All Plagues, that Rage where Strife and Diſcord reign:

And then prodigious Secrets did impart,
Yes, *Prodigies*, that made the *Sun* to ſtart;
But ill beſeems a *Muſe* of Rural Cell,
Intrigues of State to know, and worſe to tell;
And therefore from the Palace I withdrew,
Here (grieving Goddeſs) to condole with you.
But Sorrow's Empreſs, with Reſentment fir'd,
Cry'd out—my Province 'tis, to mourn retir'd,
More publick Tribute's from a *Muſe* requir'd.
The *Mourning Muſe*, her dewy Aſpect rears,
Like Sun-ſhine glitt'ring through a Show'r of Tears,
And thus, with modeſt Grace—too well I know
What to my *Royal Patroneſs* I owe,
And glorioufly I ſhould the Charge fulfill,
Were but my Strength, proportion'd to my Will:
But whilſt I gaze on Excellence ſo bright,
My Senſe is dazled, and I'm loſt in Light;
Yet ſtill my Weakneſs can for Succour fly,
And to th' † *APOLLO* of our Age apply.

Oh

† His Grace the Duke of *Buckinghamſhire.*

Oh for the noble Muſe that ſweetly mourn'd,
And *Death*'s dark Temple *, to *Fame*'s Palace turn'd;
In Sorrow's Vale, a *Cypreſs-Grove* cou'd raiſe,
That triumph'd o'er the *Myrtle* and the *Bays*;
A wondrous Scene of Dolor and of Dread,
Heart-piercing Story, yet with Pleaſure read,
In Pity to the ſuffering Lover's Pain,
With Sighs we read, and Sighing read again:
But Grief can Charm, and Terror give Delight,
When *Britain*'s POLLIO condeſcends to write:
Whoſe God-like Genius, from their ruin'd State,
Reſcu'd the *Muſes*, and revers'd their Fate:
Then to ſecure their Empire, did impart
The perfect Precepts of the *Sacred Art* †:
That Poets, who to juſt Applauſe aſpire,
May Rage by *Rule*, and Blaze with *govern'd Fire*.
Nor only did conſult for Poet's Praiſe,
But Trophies for expir'd Deſert to raiſe;

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* *A Poem of his Lordſhip's, call'd*, The Temple of Death.

† *His Lordſhip's* Eſſay on Poetry.

The

The Charm that from Oblivion's Gulf can ſave,
Tomb-worth, and make Reprizals on the Grave;
Make Virtue, Truth, and Honour, from their Hearſe
Spring up, and Flouriſh in Immortal Verſe.
If ſuch a *Muſe* the Glorious Toil embrac'd,
And with Her Images, the Subject grac'd,
Our *Royal Saint* wou'd look with Pleaſure down,
And with a Smile, the beauteous Labour crown;
While I, to ſolemn Shades, depriv'd of Day,
Retire, and Mourn the ſhort Remains of Life away.

10 JY 57

F I N I S.